

Only about four per cent. of the sea-going vessels constructed at the present time are of wood.

The development of college sports is indicated, thinks the Chicago Herald, by the fact that Harvard now has a salaried manager.

In Canada positions in the Civil Service are obtainable after examination and are held during good behavior, which, as a rule, means life.

In Japan a man can live like a gentleman for about \$250 a year. This sum will pay the rent of a house, the salaries of two servants and supply plenty of food.

The Hungarian Government has recently passed a law providing for the payment of indemnities to prisoners innocently condemned to penal servitude, and to their families in cases where such prisoners have been found to have suffered capital punishment.

The Argentine Republic is rapidly becoming a prominent competitor in the business of supplying grain to the European markets. Shipowners of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are taking advantage of the trade and finding employment for their vessels at remunerative rates between the River Plate and Old World ports.

Metropolitan fashions have long prevailed throughout the country. In no one thing is this more plainly apparent than in the uniforms of policemen. In the smaller cities, and even in small towns, the policeman nowadays wears a uniform like that of his city brother. He may not have the city brother's repose of manner and cool jauntness of bearing, but his clothes are strictly up to date.

The reclamation of the arid wastes of southwestern desert lands proceeds marvelously apace. Another reclamation company was incorporated at San Bernardino, Cal., a few days ago, with a capital stock of \$2,500,000. A dam is to be erected at Victor Narrows, on the Mojave River, in San Bernardino County, fifteen feet in height, which will make a lake nine miles long and about three wide, whose waters will be used to irrigate about 200,000 acres of land on the Mojave Desert, which will then be especially adapted for growing raisin grapes and alfalfa.

According to the Soviet, a St. Petersburg paper, Russia, unlike other European countries, incorporates in the army only one-fourth of the young men who are drafted every year when they reach the legal age for military service. The recruiting in 1892 enlisted 788,672 conscripts, but only 260,290 were actually sent into the ranks. Of these 196,000 were Orthodox, 16,000 Israelites and 9000 Mohammedans; the Russian army is therefore composed of men belonging to the National religion. There were also in the contingent called to service in 1892 196,030 men of pure Russian origin, 17,000 Poles, 4000 Germans, 16,000 Jews, 3689 Bashkires, and a small number of Lithuanians, Tartars, etc., so that the Russian army can be considered as being quite homogeneous in regard to its nationality.

Every little while the police arrest a man with a kit of burglars' tools in his possession, and one naturally wonders where they all come from. It is easy to buy a gun of any description, and the most reputable citizen would not be ashamed to be seen purchasing the most wicked-looking knife ever made; but who would know where to get a slung-shot, or a jimmy, or a device for drilling into a safe, or any of the many tools used by the professional burglar in the pursuit of his calling? There probably are places in many large cities where these things are made and sold to the users, but such places are scarce. Once in a while the police find such a factory, and then things go hard for the proprietors. It may seem a little strange to learn that most of the tools used in burglaries are made by mechanics who are looked upon as respectable men in the community. When a burglar has any particular tool made he goes to a mechanic who can do the job, and perhaps five times what it is worth for making the tool and about it.

#### HOW-DE-DO

Say "how-de-do," an' say "goodby,"  
Meet an' shake, an' then pass by:  
Ain't much difference between the two  
Say "goodby" or "how-de-do."  
"How-de-do," with chilly heart,  
Ain't much difference, meet or part  
Jes' a look, an' jes' a bow,  
Sometimes only jes' a "how."  
Ain't much difference which they say,  
"How-de-do" or tother way.

Meet a friend—yer grasp his hand,  
An' jes' stand, an' stand, an' stand—  
Glad yer met an' hate ter part,  
Kinder tremble in the heart.  
Neighbors lived on "Moody Hill,"  
He was "Tom" an' you was "Bill,"  
Kinder stop an' look an' say  
"How-de-do?" an' then "good day!"  
Been away from home a spell,  
Swing the gate back, stand, an' well,  
Kinder don't know what ter do.  
Heart thumps like "twas bustin' through.  
Said "goodby" a year afore—  
Betsy standing in the door—  
Said "goodby," but "how-de-do,"  
Seems the strangest o' the two.  
Bruce right up an' waltz right in  
Shake the tremble from yer chin  
Betsy's waitin' there for you,  
Waltz right in with—"How-de-do?"  
—The Housekeeper.

#### THAT DOG JAGS.

BY EDNA C. JACKSON.



DOOR Jags was hungry. In fact, he was almost starved. His ribs were sharply outlined against his mangy hide and there was an unquenchable craving inside of them for bones. It seems funny when one thinks of it, when there was nothing to him but bones.

He raised his head from his paws and snapped eagerly at a great, bulgy bluefly that buzzed lazily around, and swallowed it with a gulp. But one fly is not much when one has a hollow within him that feels as big as a church.

Those hollows were common in Rat Row. It was the river street of a large city, where squalid men, women and children fought, quarreled, cursed and stole their wretched lives long to keep that inner void just sufficiently filled to ward off the Potter's Field. "Stole," I said. The younger habitants, perhaps, limited their achievements to this. As for their elders—well, if a man with a comfortably filled stomach strayed into their power and would give up his "ticker" and other valuables like a gentleman and evince no disposition to "squel," all right, perhaps; if he rebelled, the river was handy. Then a fresh flow of fire-water, more desperate fighting, cursing and cutting for a day or two. Sometimes a rush of patrol-wagon and armed police, a bleeding body carried away, a living, sullen, horrible one or two to answer for it—it was an old story to the blue-coats.

Thus, Jags was a dog of the slums, kicked, cuffed and starved, with good points in him that once led an uptown clubman to coax him off the street when Jags inadvertently wandered, foraging, to a respectable quarter. For three days Jags was fed, petted and began to grow handsome. The first hour of liberty found him fawning joyfully at the feet of Blinks, the most brutal of all the Rat Row brutes, whom Jags followed with a worshiping fidelity only found in some women and lost dogs. He was ready to starve with his horrible idol rather than desert him for soft treatment and unlimited bones with meat on them.

"Here ye be, be ye, ye cuss? Thought ye'd mosey, did ye? Been feedin', has ye? Thought ye'd sneak! Take that—nd that—nd that!"

"That" was a series of brutal kicks that made the poor dog yelp out in piteous agony. When they ceased one of Jags's beautiful, loving brown eyes was gone, knocked out of its bleeding socket by the master for whom he had sacrificed wealth and comfort. That was merely a variation of the tortures that Jags's master habitually put upon him. If it ever occurred to the dog that he had anything to forgive he did so, freely, generously and lovingly, creeping all the more adoringly to the feet that kicked him. If he ever thought, wistfully, that his master might have done a more merciful thing and relieved him of a real trouble by kicking out his stomach, he never said so.

Just now he dragged his bony length to the side of Blinks, keeping a watchful eye for kicks, and breathed a long, sobbing sigh of relief when he got close to his idol without awakening him. The man was seated on a broken chair outside the tottering tenement house where he and Jags had a kennel. His bloated red face was turned upward to the sun, his breath reeked bad whisky, the soft summer breeze stirred his loathsome rags. One wonders how even the breeze could touch him. Blinks was happy. He was "full," not of that unnecessary luxury, food, but of vile whisky.

His slumber was soon disturbed by a splash, a chorus of yells from the gamins on the river bank, and with bare, red arms dripping with soap suds, her frowny hair flying in the wind, Betsy O'Kiley rushed from her wash-tub.

"The babby! The darlint! It's drownid! he is intoirly! Howly Mary! Ran, ye martherin' divils! Save 'im! Hilt!"

It would not have created much of a sensation in Rat Row society if a half dozen little "rats" had been swept away altogether by the river. A few dragged women lounged to doors or windows, two or three bleary-eyed men, among whom was Blinks, lurched lazily toward the place where the small, dirty figure had gone under the muddy water, giving it plenty of time to drown in the most leisurely way before their arrival. Only the screeching mother and the dog were really alive to the situation.

Jags was weak from long fasting, but the instinct inherited from a long line of noble ancestors nerved him. In a flash, it seemed, his gaunt body was in the water and out, and Betsy had snatched her soaked "kid," drained the water out of him and administered a ringing slap.

"Ye spalpane! Will yez be kapin' away from the wather—will yez?" The child replied with a vicious squirm and an unchildlike curse. Betsy went back to her washtub, while Jags crept patiently to the side of his master who, with another, had dropped from sheer exhaustion on the yellow earth. No one thought of praising or thanking Jags. Such small, sweet courtesies were not customary in Rat Row. Only Blinks's companion, who seemed more alive than his surroundings, looked approvingly at the dog.

"Fetch 'n carry?" he said laconically, nodding in Jags's direction.

"Like —" drawled his master, with a laziness strangely at variance with the lurid comparison. "Hyar, dawg! Git it!"

Jags looked up imploringly as a stick flew far into the water. He was willing enough, heaven knows! But when one has had only one fly to eat for twenty-four hours, and had just dragged a heavy squirming body from the water, he may be pardoned for feeling trembly and averse to unnecessary exertion.

"Git it!" snarled his master. There was a kick in the eye, Jags went meekly out into the turbid water and came trembling all over to lay the stick beside the tyrant. Again it flew out, farther than before. This time Jags was almost swept down the river.

"Let up!" said Blinks's companion; "the dawg's nigh croaked."

"Lazy, cuss 'im!" drawled Jags's energetic owner. Jags gave a whine of almost human entreaty when the stick was thrown again, but tottered away to almost certain death.

Amicable relations are easily disturbed in Rat Row. Big Andy caught Blinks by that part of his garment where the collar should have been and shook him into a stupid protest.

"Blame yer mizzable hide!" he shouted furiously. "Call 'im back or I'll fling ye in arter 'im!"

Blinks fell limply to the ground and obeyed. But Jags had already turned to defend his master and bounded back with a growl at his assailant.

"Cussed if the dawg wouldn't fight fer ye now, ye sneakin' hound!" muttered Big Andy with an admiring grin at Jags. He went into his own nest in the tenement house and flung Jags a bone. "Hyar, dawg! Put that down yer neck!"

Jags snatched it with the fervor of starvation, but his master was filled with a sullen spite against the innocent cause of his shaking, and, looking to see that Big Andy was at a safe distance, he called:

"Hyar, ye imp."

The dog came, clinging desperately to the precious food.

"Drop it!"

The poor animal obeyed, eyeing it wistfully the while.

"Now, come git it!"

Jags bounded joyfully forward to meet a kick that made him howl. Repeating this amusing performance until he was weary, the human brute finally threw the bone into the river. Jags started weakly after it, but obeyed with something like tears in his one pathetic eye when commanded to lie down.

Well, he had been hungry before, and if his master willed this, he must know best.

It has been seen, long before this, that Jags was an ideal Christian.

Hours after this even Rat Row was wrapped in slumber—the heavy sleep of the drunkard or the leaden one of exhaustion and weakness. Blinks, after taking several more drinks from a flat, black bottle, staggered into some corner of the Old Mill, after ordering Jags in language savoring of brimstone to stay out, when the poor dog tried to follow him in.

The stars shone as serenely down on the foul smelling city slums as upon the clover-sweet meadows far away. The river murmured and gurgled along the black piers. Sometimes the "chug-chug" of a steamboat came clearly through the night; then its hoarse whistle—one long-drawn, three short, another long—woke the echoes and it puffed past, its high, colored lights and trailing smoke making it

look through the darkness like some fiery-eyed demon of the mists.

Jags, lying prone on the rickety steps of the Old Mill, moans and cries a little in his sleep as vague realizations of his wretched life and empty stomach visit his dream.

Suddenly he starts up, nose in air, and listens. There is nothing unusual, Jags! The river gurgles on softly, the stars twinkle undimmed, there is no variation of sight or sound that human mind can detect. Not human mind, perhaps, but dog instinct—

Jags quivers, he sniffs the air and walks about uneasily. He stops and whines, tries to push in the barred door and fails. Then he breaks into a long, plaintive howl. Surely that will awaken some one in that narrow street, that crowded house! But there comes no other sound but the rippling river, the roar of the far away, sleepless streets.

Again and again he howls. Silence! What is that? A mere shadow of a sound, faint, stealthy, as if some one had stepped lightly on a dry twig and snapped it. It rouses Jags to frenzy. Scores of human beings, men, women, little children, sleeping calmly in a tinder-box, that tinder-box on fire and only he, Jags, a dumb, helpless animal, to know and save them! And he—his idolized tyrant, in there!

Jags throws himself against the door with a yell of agony. It falls open. A thin puff of smoke wavers to meet him. Barking, howling, fairly shrieking, Jags tears straight for the room where he and Blinks have their kennel. He isn't there! Out again, jumping against doors in his frantic search, choked with smoke, rushing through curling tongues of flame, goes the dog. Are they all dead in there! His master, where is he? It is well that one in that vast hive is not too tired nor too drunk to awaken. Big Andy rouses to realize that the dog is making "a fuss," takes in the situation in a flash, and bounds out of the smoke-filled room.

"Great God! The house is on fire!"

"Fire, fire, fire!"

Somewhere a wire vibrates above the city streets. A great bell tolls out on the night. Clang! clang! Rattle, rattle, rush! Streams of sparks in the wake of flying engines. Sharp and clear the engine and patrol gongs strike, in time with rattling hoofs and wheels. Over all booms slowly and solemnly, with pauses between the strokes, the great bell.

All this time a dog was flying, with feet scorched now by the heated floor, from room to room, hunting for one object. He finds him at last, in the second story, coiled up in a drunken heap on the floor. He springs upon him, tugs at his clothing, barks, whines and tries to drag him toward the door. At last the man awakes, stolidly, stupidly, then to a vague terror and abject fright. He bounds to the door. It is a wall of flames. He reaches the window; no thought of the creature who saved him comes to the brute's mind. He raises the sash and leaps out. It falls behind him. Jags is imprisoned in a tomb of fire.

The people have swarmed out, dirty, dazed, half-dressed. The cordon is thrown out; the engines throb and scream. The firemen work quietly, streams of perspiration dripping beneath their helmets. Floods of water glitter like liquid fire in the red flames. The Old Mill is doomed.

"Is every one out?" asks the Chief brusquely, gazing up toward the tottering furnace.

As if in answer there is a crash of breaking glass at a second-story window and a living thing appears there, pitiful, pleading, ablaze with little tongues of flame. It whines imploringly.

Big Andy has private reasons of his own for preferring to remain incog. among a swarm of policemen. But now into the full blaze of light he dashes forward.

"The dawg, the dawg that saved all our lives! Git 'im, boys; git 'im out! My God! I hain't got no money, boys, but look hyar! They's a reward of \$500 out fer me! I'm Big Andy, the safe-cracker. You know me! I'll give myself up to anybody that'll save that dawg. I mean it, boys!"

There was good in Big Andy; he was sobbing aloud. For the credit of human nature be it said, no one ever claimed that reward.

A quiet order through the Chief's trumpet, and a stream of water from the hose drove the crazy window in. The dog sprang to the sill and tottered weakly. A fireman ran lightly up the ladder and carried him down to the cool earth. There he fell, bleeding and scorched. He roused himself to gaze longingly around, dragged his mangled body to where Blinks stood, staring stupidly, and laid his head, with a faint moan, against his master's feet.

"Speak to him!" bawled Big Andy furiously. "Pet 'im, or I'll kill ye!" Perhaps something human stirred in the heart of the lower brute.

He stooped and laid a not ungentle hand on the bleeding head.

"W'y, w'y, Jags, ole fel!"

But with a rapturous look of gratitude from his one loving, beautiful eye, the dog had gone. Where? If there is no dog heaven, what will the Creator do with the faithful, martyr soul of Jags?—The Voice.

#### A SONG OF LOVE'S WAY.

What, sweet mistress, should there be  
Twixt thy heart and mine this day?  
There no barrier I see  
Which Love may not kiss away  
Do thou wait one smile to me—  
Love will find his way to thee!  
If a rose should bar his path—  
Thoray, with a jealous frown,  
Love such winning favor hath  
He would quickly kiss it down—  
Then would sweetly, tenderly  
Dear it on his breast to thee.  
Love will come his own to greet,  
Though no light his day adorns,  
Through a world of roses, sweet—  
Through a wilderness of thorns!  
Do thou wait one smile to me,  
Love shall find his way to thee!  
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A backslider—The crab.—Hallo.  
A spark of genius—Winning an heir-  
ess.—Truth.  
The man who agrees with us doesn't  
come around near often enough.—  
Ram's Horn.  
The stock exchange is where hope is  
exchanged for experience.—Florida  
Times-Union.  
A man with an elastic imagination  
is too liable to use it for a conscience.  
—Rochester Democrat.  
This is a world of compensations—  
men who lack long heads generally  
have long faces.—Truth.  
The worst of the rosy colors in  
which some things are painted is that  
they are not fast.—Puck.  
"How much is this dress worth?"  
"I really don't know what it's worth  
—the price is \$3."—Hallo.  
The pen may be mightier than the  
sword, but it's the uniform that takes  
young women's eyes.—Judge.  
"Johnny, add seven apples to two  
apples, and what will you have?"  
"Colic, sir."—Harper's Bazar.  
A dog's tail is not necessarily a "has  
been" because it always points to the  
past.—Binghamton Republican.  
One reason why some men are  
lean is because they have thrown all  
their fat into the fire.—Dallas News.  
Tommy (with pride)—"My pa's a  
banker." Willie—"An' my pa's re-  
ceiver for his bank."—Chicago Rec-  
ord.  
"The foreign husband is the absorb-  
ing idea!" said the American million-  
aire as he wrote the wedding check.—  
Cleveland Plain Dealer.  
He—"Do you believe in such  
things as love at first sight?" She—  
"Certainly. A hasty glance does  
not discover imperfections."—Boston  
Transcript.  
Hungry Higgins—"Wot's right  
nowadays—'ank you, or 'anks?"  
Weary Watkins—"I guess tank  
would hit us about right."—Indiana-  
olis Journal.  
The man who is always careful  
keep out of debt is seldom so well  
applied with the modern conven-  
iences of life as his less considerate  
fellow.—Puck.  
He—"What would you do if I was  
to kiss you?" She—"Are you ver-  
curious to know?" He—"Very  
She—"Well, you might try—and see  
—Boston Traveler.  
"It makes no difference to me," said  
the old theologian, "whether I am  
from a tadpole or a monkey. How  
get out of the scrape is what both  
me."—Newport News.  
In the cannibal islands. Mother  
"What is the matter with you, a  
son? Have you eaten anything  
disagreed with you?" Son—"That's  
why I ate him."—Boston Transcript.  
Tommy—"I guess he must be  
best dentist in town." Papa—"Did  
he hurt you?" Tommy—"No; I  
went up to the door and my toe  
stopped hurting."—Chicago Inter-  
Ocean.  
"Did you get anything from the  
man you just applied for help?"  
"Only good advice." "What ad-  
vice did he give you?" "I said I was  
and he told me to go to blazes."  
New York Press.  
The scarcity of food in Bago  
compelled the besieged troops to  
sort to canines dished up in vari-  
ous styles. There is a havoc among  
dogs of war in that locality.—Phila-  
delphia Ledger.  
First Belle—"Then both Herr  
Schulze and Herr Lehmann had  
her an offer of marriage; which  
the lucky man?" Second Ditto—"Herr  
Schulze, Herr Lehmann married her."  
—Oberlander Bote.  
"Have you had your new house  
sured, Mrs. Dwight?" "Yes." "Your  
husband is afraid of fire, the  
"Mercy, yes; he will leave the house  
any time before he will make one."  
Chicago Inter-Ocean.  
"How do you know that DeVer  
not in love with Mabel Sweetbriar?"  
"Because I heard him tell her  
other evening, when they came to  
church, that he knew of a short  
home."—Detroit Free Press.  
"Did you know that Miss By-  
was going to marry young Smith?"  
know it; but I cannot understand  
a girl as intelligent as she is  
sent to marry a man stupid enough  
want to marry her."—Brooklyn